

THE  
SAILORS' MAGAZINE,  
AND  
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

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ANNIVERSARY.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church (REV. DR. CROSBY'S), on Monday Evening, May 10th, at half-past seven o'clock.

WM. A. BOOTH, Esq., will preside, and addresses may be expected from several distinguished speakers and friends of the Cause

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THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S BETHEL  
AT ANTWERP.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE CHAPLAIN.

DEAR BROTHER HALL:

I sent you last week some account of our Bethel meetings here for the two Sundays previous, in January 26th and February 2d. Perhaps you will not care to hear from me on the same subject so soon again; but I cannot forbear to tell you of our meetings yesterday, February 9th, which exceeded in interest, if possible, those I have already described; and, especially, I wish to say something more of that Yorkshire Captain of whom I then spoke. We all were so much interested in the story of his conversion, that, as he was to

remain over another Sunday, I asked him to give us some further account of himself. I have never heard or read of a more striking illustration of the grace of God. I wish I could rehearse it to you in his own language and dialect; but I must content myself with a brief sketch, to complete the account I gave in my last.

Our congregations were large all day, especially in the after-noon, as many came expecting to hear the Captain speak. My morning discourse was on "the way of salvation; what shall I do to be saved?"

In the after-noon, the service was conducted, at my request, by Captain Braithwaite, one of half a dozen Christian captains now in port. (We had a little prayer-meeting at noon, to pray for a blessing on our Bethel services, and also again on board of one of their ships, in the evening.) He preached a brief but impressive discourse on prayer; and then called on the Yorkshire Captain, who spoke for half an hour in a very affecting manner. His appearance, his voice, his earnest, unpolished way of speaking, and especially his broad, native brogue, which made him, at times, almost unintelligible, all added interest to the matter of his address.

He went to sea at the early age of ten years, and had been knocking about the world ever since; and had run a dreadful career of sin and shame for forty years, shunning the sanctuary, violating the Sabbath, blaspheming God, drinking, rioting, fighting, plunging into every species of iniquity and vice that could be named; spending his money in debauchery, with a free hand—£10 or £20 at a time. In this way he squandered £2,000 in two years. He was almost sure, whatever port he visited, to be in the prison before many days. Once he tried to kill a man against whom he was dreadfully enraged; but the Lord interposed, and broke his leg at the very moment when he was rushing on his victim with murder in his heart, and so saved him from the gallows.

But, in all his guilty career, he could not shake off the impressions he received in the Sunday-school, nor the instructions of a pious aunt with whom he lived when a mere child, and he believes it due to her prayers that he is not now in hell.

But this accident, though it sobered him for a little while, was soon forgotten. And so, eighteen months afterward, when on his way to a liquor shop, in his own native town, the Lord broke his leg again; and, while he lay in the street, nobody being willing to touch him—he was such a vile wretch—he came so far to himself as to solemnly promise God that he would not touch another drop of rum, brandy, gin, whiskey, wine, porter, ale, cider, &c. (naming over the whole brood of intoxicating liquors), for seven years; and from that moment he lost all his appetite for strong drink, and he has never had any since. One time after this, and before his conversion, the doctor tried to persuade him to take some porter, but he refused. He told him he would die if he did not take some. "Then," said he, "I'll die; but I'll not go out of the world with any of that vile stuff in me; I'll die a clear, sober man any how." So far he was reformed; but he did not repent of his sins till several years after this.

One Sunday, he was prevailed upon, after much entreaty, just to please his friend, to go to church; and it was there that he came under conviction. He thought the minister was preaching about him, and telling the congregation all about his sins; and he was so much offended that he would have got out of the house if he could; but he was so hedged in that he could not. His conscience was now aroused; he spent a week of awful darkness and terror, finding no peace nor rest, by night or day; he did not dare to go to sleep, lest he should wake up in hell! nor did he dare to pray: he was such a great sinner. The next Sunday he was at church again—



weeping like a child, and yet ashamed of his tears. In the evening, many went forward for prayer, and he found himself kneeling with them; but, when he went, or how he came there, he did not know. From this spot he went into the vestry, with a few praying friends, and, there, light broke into his dark mind, and he found sweet relief in believing in Jesus. He felt that all his sins were forgiven. If the Lord could forgive such a guilty, blasphemous wretch as he has been, he could forgive any sinner.

And now—to conclude—he earnestly entreated all to come to this same Saviour, and, especially the young, not to trifle with his goodness and mercy, as he had done, but to come at once, and find how precious a Saviour he was.

Three or four others followed, recounting their own experience, and following up the remarks of the leader, in giving some instances of the efficacy of prayer; and such was the interest, and the readiness of others to speak, that, in spite of the cold, it was with difficulty that we brought the meeting to a close, after a session of two hours.

Good impressions were made on many minds, I know, as has been the case on other occasions, and I trust they will be permanent. But, with an audience so continually changing from day to day, we cannot expect to gather, at once, much fruit of the seed we now scatter—but perhaps we shall find it after many days.

Truly yours,

J. H. PETTINGELL.

Antwerp, Feb. 10th, 1868.

P. S.—Feb. 17th.—Our two services yesterday were equal in interest

to any we have had. About sixty were present, both morning and afternoon, making nearly one hundred different persons for the day, for our congregations change, not only from week to week, but from one service to another during the day, giving us a continual succession of new hearers. In the afternoon, as usual, after a short discourse from the text, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," &c., I gave liberty for others to speak, and the time was well occupied. Many were much affected. I noticed particularly one Captain whom we had never been able to get into the Bethel before, although he has been here four or five weeks. Among others who testified to the grace of God, was a young man who gave a very interesting narrative of his conversion—relating how he was brought under conviction by the spirit of God speaking to his heart while in a *theatre*—and how, subsequently, he was led to Christ. He had arrived only two days before from the isle of Jersey, and, on the very morning of his arrival, having seen the Bethel sign, had called on me to enquire what he could do for Christ in this wicked port, as he expected to stop here several weeks. He had come full of zeal, and determined to preach the Gospel in the streets, either in French or English, as he could speak both, if there was no other place for him. I was doubtful whether he could do this without rendering himself liable to an arrest; but I advised him to take a bundle of tracts and go round among the men, and speak with them, and invite them to the Bethel on Sunday, assuring him that he would then have the opportunity to address them; and after this the way might be open for him to do more.

This he did; and I trust the Lord will enable him to do much for his cause while he is with us.

Next Sunday is *Carnival*, one of the Devil's great fête days. The city will be full of rioting and drunken-

ness; our congregation will probably be small, and no doubt much disturbed by the noise without. Perhaps I will send you some account of it.

Yours, &c.,

J. H. P.

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#### SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

Science is held to be not generally conducive to long life; but the eminent man whose death we record was an example of length of days combined with devotion to the study of Nature's laws. Lord Brougham is another instance, and yet more might be cited, proving that the rule (if it exist at all) is not without numerous exceptions. In the case of Lord Brougham, however, science has not been the chief pursuit, or the most powerful influence. Law, statesmanship, and literature have varied the occupations, and by turns stimulated the mental energies, of the venerable ex-Chancellor, and it may be said that he has fed in many pastures, and tasted the air of many intellectual regions. But Sir David Brewster was almost wholly a scientific man, literature with him being little more than a means of diffusing the knowledge of physical philosophy. From his earliest years he gave himself to the investigation of the material forces of the universe, and of the conditions by which they are regulated, and to the end of his life he devoted his attention mainly to those great subjects. He was, indeed, educated for the Church of Scotland, of which he became a licentiate; but the natural bent of his mind led him in another direction, and it cannot be doubted that he chose that pursuit for which his abilities were the most conspicuously adapted. Brewster, like some of the other able and laborious scientific men of the early part of the present century, was a Scotchman. He was born at Jedburgh, on the 11th of December, 1781, and had consequently entered on his eighty-seventh

year when death terminated his labors. When a youth, studying at the University of Edinburgh, he had the advantage of associating with, and being guided by, such men as Robison, the then Professor of Natural Philosophy; Playfair, Professor of Mathematics; and Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy. The lessons of these celebrated thinkers must have confirmed in him the original disposition of his mind towards exact studies; and we find that his diligence as a student was not long in meeting with recognition. As early as 1800, when he could not have been more than nineteen years of age, if so much, he received from his University the honorary degree of M. A.; in 1807 he received the distinction of LL. D. from the University of Aberdeen; and subsequently the degree of A. M. was conferred on him by Cambridge, and that of D. C. L. by Oxford and Durham. While yet at Edinburgh University, Brewster gave great attention to the study of optics; and it is especially in this branch of science that he made his name. Subsequently to quitting the University, and while editing the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia,"—a task which extended over two-and-twenty years, viz.:—from 1808 to 1830, his thoughts were strongly directed towards the subject of lenses, partly by his writing the article on "Burning Instruments" in the Cyclopædia in question, and partly by a suggestion from Buffon to construct a lens out of zones of glass, each of which might be built up out of several circular segments. He proposed the application of this idea to an apparatus consisting of lenses and mirrors, by which the light of



the sun could be collected into a burning focus, or condensed into a parallel beam of light. The invention is now used in lighthouses, and is found to produce a much more intense and far-reaching radiance than the ordinary reflectors, so that the danger of shipwreck is proportionately diminished. It took a very long time, however, to bring the invention into actual use. Brewster published a separate treatise on the subject in the year 1812, but it was not until 1833 that our lighthouses were fitted up with the improved apparatus, although Brewster's contrivance was introduced into France at an earlier period by Fresnel. That which finally determined the English authorities to adopt the polyzonal lens was a series of experiments made in Scotland from Calton Hill to Gulan Hill, a distance of twelve miles and a half, which showed that one polyzonal lens, with an argand burner of four concentric circles, gave a light equal to nine parabolic reflectors, each carrying a single argand burner. That France should have anticipated us in the utilization of this admirable discovery, though the credit of the idea belonged mainly to our own countryman, is only one of numerous instances of the strange hold which prescription has acquired over most persons in Great Britain. In no country has science more illustrious servants than in this; but in none, or few, have scientific men greater obstacles to encounter, in the shape, not of persecution, but of a certain dull conservatism of habit, which shrinks instinctively from contract with fresh ideas. Among his many contributions to scientific literature, Sir David wrote a book entitled "The Martyrs of Science," as exemplified in the lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler; and to these he might have added some instances from among his own countrymen. We no longer put people to the rack for opening new regions in the immense territory of knowledge; we no longer subject them to penal consequences, or even to obloquy; but we not unfrequently wear out their hearts by prolonged neglect, or

force them to take their inventions to other lands, less oppressed than ours by the weight of routine and the inert stupidity of precedent. Throughout his life, Brewster was more signally recognized by foreign countries than by his own. It was not until 1832 that he was knighted, and he never got beyond that petty distinction, the reward of successful tallow-chandlers who present an address to Royalty. Not, however, for such ends did Brewster work. He was a real devotee of science for its own sake, and his discoveries in the polarization of light, in the analysis of the solar beam, and in the properties of crystals, together with the invention in connection with lighthouses to which we have already alluded, and some others, will hand down his name to posterity as one of the most distinguished investigators in physical laws which the present century has produced. It is to him that we are indebted for that beautiful instrument the kaleidoscope, and for the no less ingenious spectroscope. The kaleidoscope he gave to the world as long ago as 1816, and, as may be supposed, it became popular at once. Besides presenting a most interesting illustration of optical laws, it has provided the young with a charming and fascinating toy, in which one might suppose some invisible fairy, with a taste for graceful and gorgeous effects, was at work, weaving phantasies of form and color without end. The germ of the idea may be discovered in the writings of Baptista Porta, Kircher, and Bradley, but in so slight a degree as to leave the credit of the invention almost wholly with Brewster. Though not often, we believe, applied to useful purposes, it is capable of being employed in the designing of patterns and of ornamental work; and certainly the endless combination of beautiful forms which it produces by a mere turn of the wrist might well throw into despair the most ingenious Saracen that ever elaborated geometrical figures for the adornment of harem or mosque. Unfortunately for Brewster, his patent right in this invention was evaded,

so that, although large sums of money were made by the sale of the instruments, but little went into *his* pocket.

In the course of his long life Sir David wrote and published many books in connection with science, besides editing one or two philosophical periodicals. Perhaps his most popular work, because written in a popular style for general readers, was that entitled "Letters on Natural Magic," a most attractive volume which has found thousands of admirers. More recently he entered into a controversy which at one time raged hotly, and, in answer to Professor Whewell's "Plurality of

worlds," published "More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian" (1854). Like most professors of exact science, Sir David was a doughty opponent of all forms of superstition and all kinds of charlatan tricks. In common with the late professor Faraday, he set himself against the table-turning and spirit-rapping nonsense of thirteen or fourteen years ago, and was on that account coarsely reviled by the "spiritualists." All this, however, is now forgotten, and he leaves behind him the fame of sterling achievements, and the memory of a life well spent.

### THE MICROSCOPE IN EDUCATION

Assuming that scientific instruction is to form an essential portion of the education of the future, the possession of at least a moderate quantity of philosophical apparatus will be regarded as necessary by all families raised sufficiently above want to afford its purchase, and the most popular and available instrument is assuredly a *microscope*, from the range of information it is able to impart, and from the continuous pleasure so easily procurable from its use.

In the selection of such an instrument, regard of course must be had to the state of the purchasers' pocket; but it may save loss of money and vexation of spirit, if we caution those who are about to enter upon microscopic pursuits, not to imagine that the lowest-priced instruments can possibly prove satisfactory. A microscope that will not show all ordinary objects *well*, bringing out their beauty, as well as their structure, will soon be voted a tiresome and unsatisfactory machine. Only advanced students can make any good use of the refinements of the most costly instruments, and of the most elaborate apparatus, but if only three or four pounds is given for a microscope with a couple of powers, a bull's-eye condenser, and a few *et ceteras*, it will infallibly be found in-

sufficient and inconvenient within six months of its acquisition, if it is kept in constant use.

A mechanical stage is a luxury, not a necessity, and many pieces of apparatus may be dispensed with, if their purchase is inconvenient, without much harm; a multiplicity of powers, though handy, is not essential; but certain things should be considered prime requisites, and no instrument without them should be purchased, if the cost of a better can be afforded. As presents for school-boys to practise upon, cheap and poor microscopes may do very well, but for any better purpose we should consider the following things necessary. First, the instrument must be steady, and whatever motions it may have must be reasonably smooth. The great makers bestow upon their first-class stands a quantity of skilled labor that of necessity makes a large addition to the price, but if the student desires a cheaper instrument he should look out for one in which the main movement of the course adjustment is fairly made, and upon a sound principle. Many cheap microscopes are so constructed that when the great screws are worked to bring the body up or down, they must *wobble* and jerk, defects which will get worse and worse the more



the things are used. The fine adjustment should be tested in the same way. If it makes the object appear to move about on the stage, it will be a perpetual plague. In bad microscopes it is common to find the stage pierced with a little round hole the size of a shilling or half-penny, over which the object is placed. Such limited apertures are very inconvenient, as they interfere with the use of illuminating apparatus.

In the choice of an instrument, the inquiry should be made whether it will conveniently carry such apparatus as a spot lens, parabolic illuminator, achromatic condenser; and if not, it is better to reject it, provided the price of a superior stand can be afforded.

In the purchase of powers, a couple of good ones is better than half a dozen bad. Low powers, such as Ross's 4-inch, will give great pleasure and amusement. With only a small sum to spend, second-class low powers may be tolerated, but in the selection of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch power or upwards, the *best* should be obtained. A fine quarter by one of our great makers, with additional eye-pieces, is better and more useful than a set of high powers of an inferior kind.

Families should not too readily grudge the price of a good instrument, as it will last their lives; and it is not a little barbarous and absurd to find costly finery in a house destitute of appliances for the cultivation of the mind.

Let us suppose a microscope bought—what is to be done with it? Here we fall back upon the tendency of the times towards scientific education. Every one ought, for example, to know some at least of the elementary truths of anatomy and physiology. Foolish people fancy that such matters are only fit for those who may be destined for medical pursuits; but every one is interested in the preservation of health, and it is absurd that society should bring up men and women entirely ignorant of the nature of the human frame.—Even a baby may be regarded as a complicated piece of philosophical apparatus, which it is folly to com-

mit to the charge of a *curator* who has not the remotest idea of *how it goes*.

With the aid of a microscope, and a few well-selected preparations, sound elementary knowledge of the nature of bones, muscles, nerves, lungs, skin, etc., may be easily and very agreeably obtained, and the ideas thus communicated will not only enlarge the mind, but furnish useful hints for practical conduct all through life. It will be found that when objects of the kind referred to are seen, books relating to them will become interesting, although they might prove most wearisome to plod through without such aid.

When once the simpler elements of physiology have been mastered, a multiplicity of objects in the lower ranks of organic life become of great interest. Portions of insects, exemplifying the means by which they are enabled to do something like what man does with a different apparatus, in the way of locomotion, food catching, digestion, etc., rise in value as objects of study or amusement, just in proportion to the range of physical or physiological knowledge previously acquired.

It will be conceded by all acquainted with the matter, that a course of microscopic instruction of the kind indicated should be regarded as an indispensable feature in every civilized educational scheme.

Passing from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, a great deal of important information furnishing food for reflection may be obtained, by directing the microscope to readily accessible plants. Those who do not intend to study botany as a science, ought yet to know the appearance and functions of the principal organs by which plant-life is carried on. Stamens, pistils, pollen, vessels of different descriptions, seeds, tissues, and cells of plants, ought to be familiar things to all who have any pretence to education, and though mere reading about may be perplexing and wearisome, seeing them properly exhibited under the microscope rarely fails to instruct and delight.

The vegetable world offers an endless succession of beautiful microscopic objects, and their dissection involves no unpleasant processes or disagreeable tasks. To know plants only as they appear to the unassisted eye, is to have but a slight and feeble acquaintance with their larger varieties only, for multitudes of the most exquisite forms of vegetation can only be seen by the microscope's aid. In the green slime or scum upon stones or ponds, in moulds, mildews, etc., what elegant shapes and charming tints appear; and what astonishment seizes the mind when the eye first sees undoubted plants move about and change their shapes like the *Euglenæ*, as if stimulated by a purpose and impelled by a will.

If the microscope is used simply as a plaything, it soon meets with the fate of other playthings, in being thrown aside. More rationally employed, it provides a constant stimulus to inquiry. The observer finds his curiosity excited first in one direction and then in another. To explain one thing he wants to know a little chemistry, to understand another a little physiology, and so forth from day to day.

When the microscope is merely made to serve the purpose of an elegant amusement, it is by no means to be despised, nor ought those who so employ it to be ridiculed for their taste. Looked at from a recreational point of view, microscopy is well worth taking up, though we certainly advise its employment in a more studious spirit, and in a systematic way. Indeed, the more it has been used for study, the more it may be used for amusement, because the observer, who has acquired an extensive range of information, will be much better qualified to develop its recreational capacities than can possibly be effected by a comparatively uninstructed practitioner.

Fresh objects will, as a rule, be more interesting than slides, and living ones are preferable to dead; but there are many things, such as details of structure, that can only be seen in well-made preparations; and any one who buys a microscope

should learn how to prepare all ordinary slides, for which abundant instructions are given in well-known works.

In families much interest is easily excited by illustrations of the structure of ordinary things in regular use, and but little skill is required to make thin slices, sections, and other preparations necessary for their display. A little practice will easily lead to the discovery of the powers and modes of illumination best employed. It is best to begin with the lower powers, and, though an object may be transparent enough for transmitted illumination, it is often worth trying it also by reflected light. Bodies, again, that are opaque in a mass become translucent in their sections, and many which present no beauty with ordinary illumination become splendid with polarized light.

Without any prejudice in favor of particular pursuits or peculiar methods of instruction, we feel bound to give a preference to plans which bring truths home to the eye, and with this view it is impossible not to regard the microscope as one of the foremost instruments for the communication of knowledge, equally adapted to class teaching and to private study. No better investment can be made than in a good microscope, a binocular one being preferable. A bad instrument or bungling manipulation will, no doubt, do damage to the sight; but a good one, properly arranged, will show small objects as plainly and as comfortably as larger ones can be seen with the unassisted eye.

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#### An Addition to Science.

Professor Agassiz's immense collections in Brazil have been in good part opened and arranged. They include 50,000 specimens of fishes, representing over 2,200 species, 2,000 of which are supposed to be new to science. This collection now exceeds those of the British Museum and Jardin des Plantes united, containing altogether more than 9,000 species.



## CHINESE EMIGRATION.

The mode in which it is conducted, the effect of bringing them in contact with Christian civilization, etc., is well set forth in the following account from a captain sailing between Hong Kong and San Francisco:

I will proceed to give you a few jottings of a passage from Hong Kong to San Francisco, with Chinese and Chow Chow. When the whole crowd of the former were on board they numbered three hundred and fifty tails, very jolly, as I presume all their heads were filled with prospective lumps of gold. Each man before embarking has to procure from the American Consul a certificate that he goes on board of his own free act and will. This is presented at the harbor-master's office, and he is cleared as a "free emigrant." Their daily provision is, rice one and a half pounds, pork, beef or fish, half a pound, salted vegetables or pickles half a pound, tea one third of an ounce, water three quarts. On this allowance they thrive, and seem very well contented. They are easy passengers to manage, not quarrelsome, and with proper regulations on the part of the ship they keep their quarters quite cleanly. They are less trouble than any other class of steerage passengers. If the weather is bad they try to cook for themselves

one meal a day, burn some joss paper for good weather and fair winds, and go to their berths seemingly contented. They are accustomed to compact living. This populous empire is not dotted with houses, as we might suppose, but the people in the rural districts live in villages, the frail houses of which are huddled together and well filled. Those on our ship were forty-five days on their passage, yet there was no death, nor any case of sickness that required serious treatment. There need be no "horrors of the middle passage" in this Chinese passenger business; they may be carried comfortably and cheaply. We may consider the problem of a supply of laborers for our Pacific coast as already solved. Here they are in swarms, and give them fair pay with fair treatment, and they are available in any numbers. Our people may do them much good, too, by practically recommending the Christian religion to them, and so at length all China will feel its regenerating power, for they return again at least to make long visits. A ship has just landed eight hundred; another two hundred. One readily sees the good effects of their contact with civilized society. The contrast between the outgoing and return passengers on shipboard is very great.

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 THE SILVER MINT OF JAPAN.

At the silver mint at Yeddo the following processes are continually going on: A lump of silver of the necessary fineness, obtained either from the Government mines or by melting down Mexican dollars, is placed in an iron ladle and reduced to a molten state by means of a charcoal fire and a pair of blacksmith's bellows. It is then poured into a mould from which it is taken out in the shape of thin rectangular bars, which are immediately thrown into a tub of cold water. On being taken out, a man seated on the ground shears off with a pair of large fixed

scissors all jagged pieces adhering to the angles. They are now handed to another man, who weighs them one by one, and a piece is cut off, if necessary, to reduce the bar to its proper weight. The next process is that of dividing the bar by a fixed pair of shears into eight equal portions of the size of ichibus; this is done by a workman cutting it as accurately as his practised eye will enable him, and his work is tested by weighing, light pieces being rejected, and the heavy ones reduced to their proper weight by the scissors. The pieces are now heated white hot in a char-

coal fire, plunged into water, boiled, and washed in a kind of brine, from which they come out with a moderately bright surface. They are next very slightly milled on the two sides, and more deeply on the edges, by means of a milled hammer. They are now ready for stamping. A man places one of the pieces on a stationary die, and lays on the top the other die; a second man, armed with a huge hammer, gives one blow on the upper die, and the coin is struck. The blows are dealt in rapid succession, and the whole scene reminds one of a blacksmith's shop. Boys now punch small stars on the edges by means of chisels and hammers. The coins are weighed one by one for the last time, and the light ones rejected. The imperial stamp is added by means of another stamped chisel and mallet, and the coins are complete. They are rolled up in paper packets of one hundred; each packet is weighed and marked with a seal, which serves as a guarantee of its contents, and gives it currency as one hundred ichibus.

While every operation is performed in this primitive manner, perfect order prevails in the establishment; every man goes through his portion of the work in silence and with the regularity of clock-work, and many evince considerable skill. There are about three hundred hands employed in the building. When the men enter in the morning they are made to divest themselves of their own clothes, and put on others belonging to the mint. At the end of the day's work a gong sounds, when the somewhat

curious spectacle is presented of three hundred men springing from the ground on which they had been seated, throwing off their clothes, and rushing, a naked throng, to one end of a yard. Here they pass through the following ordeal in order to prove that they have no silver on them: Their back hair is pulled down and examined, they wash their hands and bold them up to view, they drink water and then halloo, and, lastly, they run to the other end of the yard, clearing two or three hurdles on their way; after which performance they are allowed to put on their own clothes and depart. Mr. Sidney Locock, her Majesty's secretary of legation, from whose report of this year these statements are taken by the *Times*, believes that the mint has been only twice entered by foreigners, and states that the apparent absence of all restrictions with regard to touching and handling the coins points to the probability that it is not often open to the public; but he remarks that even if it were, the manners and customs of the country are not such as would preclude a mixed assemblage of visitors from going over it and remaining to the end. The quantity of silver being coined daily at the beginning of this year was 50,000 momme, which at the rate of 23 momme to the ichibu would give a daily total issue of over 21,000 bus, or about £1,500. The whole of these coins are produced by the simplest manual labor, unaided by a single piece of machinery.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

### INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

Africa is a mysterious and charmed land; but the spirit and enterprise of the age produced men who have the courage to penetrate and describe it. A new explorer has recently come upon the field, and bids fair to take rank with the most successful African travelers. The recent traveler is named Gerhard Rohlfs. Our attention has been called to his recent journey across the widest portion of

Africa from west to east, and to his remarks about missions, by a letter received from Rev. Dr. Hurst, principal of a Missionary Institute in Bremen, Germany. We give the letter below:

BREMEN, September 13, 1867.

I may mention a circumstance which will probably prove of interest to you as well as every friend of mis-



sions. I refer to the return to Germany of the celebrated African traveller, Gerhard Rohlfs, who shares with Burekhard, Barth, and Livingstone the honor of the most important explorations in the unknown portions of Africa that have been made in the nineteenth century. Mr. Rohlfs is a native of Bremen, and has been in part supported by the Senate of the city, and in part by the London Geographical Society. He is a young man, and has quickly fought his way to success through apparently insurmountable obstacles. On his return home the other day he received at the hands of the King of Prussia, a title of dignity, which will likely be followed by ample pecuniary aid for publishing an account of his travels, as well as for making new explorations.

Mr. Rohlfs crossed the continent of Africa at its widest part, and came in contact with the slave-trade in its most odious features. The report had been circulated that he was of the opinion, from personal observation and investigation, that the negro tribes of Africa were incapable of higher culture, and that, therefore, they could never be influenced in the widest and best sense by Christianity. But in a lecture in Gotha a short

time since he utterly repudiated such an idea, and expressed, on the contrary, the opinion that the Gospel should be communicated to the African natives with all possible speed, as it was the only way by which they could be elevated. In the town lying at the junction of the Niger and Benue rivers he met with a Christian congregation in charge of a negro preacher. There were about two hundred people present when he attended the chapel, and the service was conducted in an orderly and proper manner. He describes the preacher as an intelligent and cultivated man. Subsequently he had an opportunity of seeing the missionary operations in Sierra Leone, Monrovia, and elsewhere, from all of which he carried away very favorable impressions.

Mr. Rohlfs describes a district southwest from Lake Tsad, which, he says, should by all means be occupied as a missionary field. He says, that the base of operations might be the district of Wandala, (which I cannot find on any map at my command,) whose prince, though a Mohammedan, is free from all fanaticism, and would receive Christian missionaries with open arms.—

*Missionary Advocate.*

### STEAM MAIL SHIPS FOR LIBERIA.

The settlement of Liberia in Western Africa, embracing some 20,000 souls who are connected with 200,000 natives, has been effected by the exertions of benevolent citizens of the United States. The entire cost has been less than the daily expenses of the war at one period. It embraces fifty churches, one college, many schools, and several printing presses, where fifty years ago was a howling wilderness, made doubly hideous by the slave trade. The people who have emigrated there from the United States have of course left relatives and friends behind, and in accordance with the enlightened and liberal spirit of the age, would naturally desire to have regular and frequent mail communication with their native

land. They would naturally expect this in the practice of good faith on the part of the philanthropic people by whom they have been induced to settle in a barbarous country. But the colony is too large to have all its higher interests of this kind ministered to by a mere benevolent Society; it needs the power of the government.

The English government has established a regular monthly line of steamers to Western Africa. That government has also presented to the Liberians two armed vessels of war, while our own government has done but little for them. It is true, our government has provided mail facilities for Rio Janeiro, Hong-Kong, Switzerland, and, we believe, for the

Sandwich Islands, besides other places, while for Liberia it has done nothing of the kind. Formerly, the Post Office Department was generally in debt, but now there is a surplus large enough to provide a steamship for Liberia; and who is there who could begrudge a people whom we have so deeply wronged this surplus treasure for their use? Besides this, in the progress of certain events, to which Liberia has largely contributed, the slave trade is now nearly extinct, so far as America is concerned, and this will probably relieve our national treasury of nearly a million dollars expense every year for the maintenance of an African squadron, which sum might very properly be transferred to the establishment of other steamships for the African route.

This subject has interested the people in various quarters, especially

in Vermont. Its Legislature has passed resolutions favoring the plan, and petitions are being signed to move the government to establish regular steamship mail service with Liberia, as it has with so many other quarters of the world less deserving of its consideration. Here is a chance for practical benevolence and an unmistakeable manifestation of goodwill to the black man by all who wish to show it. The question was agitated fifteen years ago, at the time when the English established their line of steamers to Western Africa, and very many of our people were in favor of it. But politics drowned it then, without any benefit to the country, and if age and experience bring wisdom, the measure ought to be spared that fate now, as we trust that it will.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

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### TIDES AND THEIR CAUSES.

The phenomenon of the daily tides of our sea coasts and tidal rivers is attributed to the attraction of the moon upon the earth; that the moon draws the earth toward it, and that in drawing the earth toward it, it bulges up the water of the ocean on the side presented toward the moon, and drawing the earth and water thus on that side, also draws the earth away from the water on the opposite side of it, and thus leaves the water bulged up on that side; and in doing all this, the effect comes after the cause some three hours, which is termed "the tide lagging behind." Now if we knew *per se* what attraction of gravitation was, and that it produced this anomaly of force, there would be nothing to question in the matter. But as we only know by attraction that it means drawing to, it is impossible to reconcile the theory of the tides as they run to the attraction of the moon. If the moon is so potent in drawing up, why does it not draw a bulge on the inland seas—our great lakes? I will not discuss the question of the moon's apogee and perigee

—its different velocities in different parts of its orbit, as laid down by the law of Kepler, or whether it turns once on its axis in a month or not, as either theory will answer for its phases as well as for the face of the "man in the moon;" but I will endeavor to give a more rational theory for the phenomenon of the daily tides.

The earth revolves on its axis, and makes a revolution every twenty-four hours, and this moves its equatorial surface nearly a thousand miles per hour. Now the water on its surface, covering about three-fourths of it, and being more mobile than the solid earth, is, by centrifugal force, made to roll around the earth; the same as the water is made to move around a grindstone when in motion, a thing familiar to every body that uses that instrument. In the Southern Ocean this motion of the water is so well known to mariners who double Cape Horn in sailing from San Francisco to New York, that they now run considerably lower down, in order to ride this tide eastward, than they did in former times.



Here, then, we have one fact of water tide more comprehensive, at least, than the tractive theory of the moon. We have also the fact of two great promontories in Capes Horn and Good Hope, where this great tidal wave must strike against, and they produce constant oscillations of the water to and for, and produce gurgitation and re-gurgitation in all the gulfs and rivers that line the coasts of the northern, or more properly the land hemisphere. These gurgitations swell the water highest in the place where the seas become the narrowest, as the more northern latitudes. In addition to these daily oscillations of the water, there are constant eddy currents, denominated "gulf streams," all agreeing in their courses and motion to this theory of the ocean tides.

When our present received tide theory of moon attraction was first laid down, the fact of the water of the great Southern Ocean rolling round faster than the solid parts of our planets was not known. Smith, in his *Physical Geography*, says:

"The tidal wave flows from East to West, owing to the earth's daily rotation in a contrary direction." Here he is unintentionally correct, because the water, striking these promontories of the two great capes, is hurled back, and not, as he assumes that the great ocean wave is moving from east to west. The United States Government's sailing charts lay down the fact of this great ocean wave moving from west to east, south of the capes, and the

ships coming from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean take advantage of this, and ride the sea at the rate of over twenty knots per hour, by following the routes laid down in Maury's charts.

The old philosophy of the crystal-line spheres was not more at variance with the correct motion of the stars and planets than the moon theory of the tides. In their dilemma to account for the retrograde motions of the planets they denominated them wanderers, stragglers, because they would not march with the "music of the spheres." In the moon theory of the tides the lunar satellite is made to pull and push at one and the same time, which is entirely at variance with the philosophy of force.

There is nothing in the heavens nor in the earth, that proves to us positively that the sun holds the planets, and the planets their satellites by attraction, as we are taught that the moon attracts the water of our world. We see that all terrestrial bodies tend toward the centre of the earth, and we call this gravitation; but we cannot see how a body moves around the earth, without falling on it by this law. We say in dynamic philosophy that bodies move in the direction of least resistance, and that we can positively understand; but what force *per se* is we do not know. It is always better for us to explain phenomena by positive known laws and motions than by any that rest merely upon conjecture.—*Scientific American*.

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### CALIFORNIA AVALANCHES.

The recent avalanches in Sierra and Placer counties remind the travelers on the coast of California that the State does not all belong to the clime of the sun. Though snow is never seen in San Francisco, a distance of two degrees brings us into a region where the reign is perpetual. Along a line of three hundred miles the Sierra rises to a height of more than seven thousand feet, with only a few narrow passes below the level;

and at that elevation snow lies throughout the year in the ravines on the northern slopes of the mountains. From the summit of Monte Diablo a magnificent view of the great range may be obtained, and until late in the summer, from Lassen's Peak, two hundred miles in a north northeastward direction to Mount Whitney, equally distant southeastward in a continuous line of glittering splendor. The view is

more beautiful and comprehensive from the high points of the coast than from any peak in the Sierra.

The condensation of moisture is greatest as a general rule on the sides of the highest mountains. The greater the elevation on the Sierra Nevada the greater the rain fall, until we reach about six thousand feet, above which point snow succeeds.

There are many places in the State where rain is a comparative rarity, though snow falls ten or twelve feet deep in average winters, and forty or fifty in very severe ones. La Porte, Howland Flat, Summit Lake, and all the higher peaks, are in this class. At all the towns named the snow is now higher than the one-story houses, and the people go from house to house either through tunnels or they climb upon staircases from their houses to the top of the snow, and travel on snow shoes. The snow will lie this year as it did last in the streets of Howland Flat, till the first of June, and just back of the town on the hillside, it will lie two months longer. But in the narrow canons, especially those at a higher elevation, the snow will drift in to be two hundred feet deep, and will lie there from year to year, forming small glaciers, which, though they seem to be of solid ice a few feet from the surface, are constantly moving down hill. The speed of the movement depends on the grade, and in places where the land is nearly level may not exceed one or two feet in the course of a year. The glacier dwells on the gentle slope, the avalanche on the steep one. When the snow accumulates beyond a certain amount on a declivity, it must slide off, and it moves with a tremendous power. The Cisco avalanche, according to the *Sacramento Reporter*, was five or six miles long; and it must have carried with it a body of snow at least ten feet deep and probably half a mile wide, and a weight of more than 5,000,000 tons. If the seven locomotives caught by the snow are not demolished, it must be because the avalanche did not strike them, or its force was exhausted before it reached them.

We have had three fatal avalanches this season. The first occurred at the Independence Mine, on the Downieville Butte, carrying away part of the quartz mill and killing two men. The second occurred at the Keystone Quartz Mine, three miles south of the Sierra Butte. Part of the mill was carried away and five men were killed. The third occurred at Cisco on the 4th or 5th inst., and killed six men. Thus within a short time thirteen men have lost their lives, and the injury to property is certainly not less than \$100,000.

### Frozen to Death Standing in the Water.

For several years past there has lived in the town of Hull, Mass., a respected fisherman named William Pope. He was industrious and supported a large family in his business, and was a kind-hearted and pleasant man. A few weeks ago he entered his boat and proceeded to a well-known spot in the bay, where his efforts as a fisherman had frequently before been rewarded. During his stay there he was overtaken by a dense fog, which shut out from his sight the shore and all other objects not very near to him. He took his oars and started, as he supposed, in a direct course for home; but he made a miscalculation, and ere long his boat became stuck in a mud bank, from which his strength was inadequate to relieve her.

Being in shallow water, and rightfully supposing he was not far from shore, he, as a last resort, got out of his boat and attempted to wade to dry land. But the mud, which had fastened so rigidly to his skiff, now took earnestly hold of his limbs, and he soon found that he was a prisoner and powerless to move either to the shore or to return to his dory. In this strait he did what any man with a voice would have done, shouted for assistance.

His cries, at first strong and earnest, and anon piteous, were heard on land, but as the fog was dense and



impenetrable, he could not be seen, and no aid came to him. And there the poor man stood for many long hours, his heart undoubtedly filled with agonizing despair, surrounded on every side by the chilling watery waste, which with the incoming tide gradually crept upward, growing deeper and deeper, until it submerged and drowned him.

His body was found next day standing erect where he had met his fate, rigid in death, with his garments icy and inclosing him. It was taken ashore and buried. The funeral was a sad occasion, being largely attended, while the grief of his wife and family of five or six children, some of them quite small, and all dependent upon him, was inconsolable; and a melancholy sight to witness. Mr. Hope was fifty-six years of age.

—*Boston Herald.*

### Disasters at Sea.

The British Admiralty recently ordered two steam vessels to the White Sea, in order to render assistance to the great number of shipwrecked vessels and their unfortunate crews, numbers of whom, it was expected, had perished. They proceeded through dense masses of ice for fifteen miles, and saved one hundred and thirty-two seamen from perishing. Fourteen ships were recovered and fifty lost. The greatest casualties occurred on the 18th and 19th of June, twelve miles from Snovet Island and Western Island. On the 18th two hundred and fifty vessels were beset with ice. Of the fifty ships lost eighteen were British. The remainder were principally Norwegian. All but one of the recovered ships were taken into Archangel.

### Statistics of Intoxication.

Every nation, remarks a French writer, seems to have its peculiar intoxicating drug. Siberia has its fungus; Turkey, India and China have their opium; Persia, India, Turkey and Africa, from Morocco down to

the Cape of Good Hope, and even the Indians of Brazil, have their hemp and hashhish; India, China and the Eastern Archipelago have their betel and betelpepper; the islands of the Pacific have their daily hawa; Peru and Bolivia their eternal cocoa; New Grenada and the chains of the Himalaya their red thorny apples; Asia, America, and the whole world, perhaps, patronize tobacco; the English and Germans have hops, and the French have lettuce.

Of all these drugs, tobacco is that which claims sovereignty over the largest portion of the human race, for its votaries are stated at 900,000,000; opium, fortunately, does not boast of more than 400,000,000; but hashhish, a drug quite as intoxicating as opium, is commonly indulged in by 300,000,000 of people. Betel, which in point of fact is hardly more than a gentle stimulant, extends its sway over about 100,000,000. Cocoa, the virtues of which have scarcely been sufficiently studied except by Professor Mantegazza, of Milan, can barely muster 10,000,000 of people; and the other drugs taken together, including the *Ilex Vomitorie*, of Florida, are used by about 25,000,000 of the human race.

### Facts About Life.

The total number of human beings on the earth is computed at 3,000,000,000,000, and they speak 3,063 known tongues.

The average duration of life is estimated at 33½ years.

One-fourth of those born die before they are 7 years old, and one-half at the age of 17.

Out of one hundred persons, only six reach the age of 50.

Out of five hundred persons, only one attains the age of 80.

Sixty persons die every minute.

Tall people live longer than short ones.

Married men are longer lived than the single.

Rich men live, on an average, 42 years, but the poor only 30.

## MR. NOBODY'S ADVICE; OR HOW I BECAME A TEETOTALER.

BY REV. CHARLES J. JONES.

The following narrative, remarkable alike for its naturalness and for its straightforward simplicity, was told me by a sailor, who experienced what is here written in his own words. The impression made upon my own mind was such, that it occurred to me it might be made useful to some reader of your valuable publications, and hence I have transcribed it and sent it to you, with a sincere prayer for its success.

"In the month of November, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, I arrived in this city of New York, on my return from China, and liking good quarters, I went to the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry street, to board, and remained till the ship was paid off. But as I loved the tot a little too well, and the folks at the Home were all sober-sides, I thought it was too decent a place for me to stay in. So I paid my bill, picked up my tonnage, and made sail for a rum-hole, and took up my abode there with other drunkards like myself. I had been living in the house about ten days; and lighting upon a sober interval, I thought I should like to know how the account stood. So I asked Mr. Boniface for my bill. He informed me that I was forty-one dollars in his debt. This surprised me by its magnitude. But, remembering that I had been drinking pretty heavy, and spreeing it very freely, and consequently could not tell exactly how much I had really drawn, I said nothing about it.

"It so happened, however, that the drinking of the last ten days had not agreed with me, as I had eaten but little, and, as a consequence, the whole of the next week I was quite sick. So I staid at home, and, for a wonder, kept sober. During the whole of that week I was wide-awake, and kept an account of the money I drew, which amounted in all to about seven dollars. Well, when the week

was out, I went to him again and asked him how we stood. He took down his book, and after a little figuring, he said: 'Your bill is just seventy-one dollars and thirty-five cents.' So that for my *seven* dollars he had charged me just a little over *thirty*. This stunned me altogether, and I told him I would not pay it. But how was I to help myself? That was the question. I went to a friend of mine, and I told him how I had been served; and talked about law and justice. But my friend said it was of no use for me to go to a magistrate about it, as I could do nothing. And he remarked, that 'there was no justice for drunkards.' This set me thinking, and I made a vow that I would never put it into the power of any man to serve me such a trick again.

"My friend said: 'The best thing that you can do is to pack up your duds, pay your bill, and go to a decent boarding house.' I took his advice, and moved off to a Temperance house in Pearl street, kept by that good man Captain Roland Gelston. Here I tried to taper off, but I soon found out that this tapering off, or merely reducing my potations, was bad business. It kept me stupid all the time, and made me say and do many things which I was ashamed of when in my right senses. Well, on the twenty-fourth of December, there was a good deal of talk of one John B. Gough, who was to address a Temperance meeting in the Old Mariners' Church, in Roosevelt street. And after supper, one of my fellow-boarders came to me and said: 'What do you say if you and I go to the meeting at Mr. Chase's and sign the pledge?' 'Agreed,' says I, and off we went. The house was full. We stood and listened about half an hour, and then they sent round the contribution-box. I threw in a piece of silver. Then they passed the word along, that if any one wanted to sign the pledge, they should come forward. So my friend and I walked up and signed the articles, got our



certificates, and started for home. And I have kept the pledge ever since. I came mighty near breaking it, however, the next morning. My coppers were hot. I wanted my bitters, and I made a bee-line for the corner-groggery, a rum-hole, in which I was no stranger, for I had freshened the nip there many a time. I went up, took hold of the door, and had got about half in, when it seemed as if somebody took hold of me with both hands around the waist, and held me, whispering in my ear at the same time, 'Don't go in! don't go in!' as plain as ever I heard anything in my life. And I actually turned round, and looked—but there was no one there. But I took *Mr. Nobody's advice*, shut the door, kept my pledge, and have been glad of it only once, and that is all the time ever since, for it has kept me from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. It has caused me to be respected, and enabled me to use my knowledge instead of abusing it.

"I suffered a good deal at first, as a result of breaking off my bad habit. But I was the gainer in the end. I went to sea sober, soon had a good chest of clothes, was respected wherever I went, soon became an officer, had better food, better wages, and a better place to live in than a dark, damp fore-castle. Ay, more—I walked steadily aft, until I became a captain myself, and escaped the dirty work that drunkards are often forced to do on board a vessel. But more than all, and better than all, I have learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ, become a member of his body, the Church, and am this day on my way to the kingdom of heaven, into which, as a drunkard, I never could enter. Glory to God in the highest! I am on my journey home!"

Thus far I have given you the sailor's narrative as given to me from his own lips, only changing here and there a word or point to prepare it for the press. I cannot suffer it to be printed, however, without deducing from it one or two valuable practical lessons.

And first, we may safely infer that Mr. Nobody—which is but another

name for Mr. Conscience—is a good teacher. How many have been warned and instructed by his voice in a similar manner to this poor, tempted, and outcast sailor! and yet how few have listened, as he did, to the lessons conveyed, because the counsel given runs thwart-hawse of their appetites, their passions, and inclinations, and instead of obeying his dictates have striven to drown his voice in rum!

Again, the instructions of this same Mr. Nobody are confined to neither time nor space, nor class nor caste. They are the voice of God in the soul of man, whispering tender and affectionate exhortations in the ear of the tempted ones, saying to the irresolute drinker, whose soul is taken captive by strong drink, as he stands hesitating on the verge of ruin, "Don't go in! don't go in! *This is the way; walk ye in it.*" To obey this still, small voice is to live, to rise, to be respected, and, finally, to bow at the mercy-seat and be washed in the blood of the Lamb. To despise his counsel, to suffer his admonitions to pass unheeded, is to have God "laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh;" it is to sink in the scale of humanity, to lose the respect of your fellow-men, the favor of God, and your own precious and immortal soul, for *the drunkard can not enter into the kingdom of heaven.* Ay, it is to see the gates of glory close, and the gates of hell open on you forever.

Dear reader, are you the slave of an artificial appetite? If so, take Mr. Nobody's advice. Rouse yourself at once, break the unholy bonds. Listen to the voice of God in your own soul, and BE FREE! If not yourself a slave, have you a friend who has been taken captive, who is drowning body and soul in the cup? Plead with him to sign the pledge. It may, under God, save his soul, and be the means of enrolling his name in the Lamb's book of life.

#### —♦— Come and Welcome.

What encouragement there is to come for pardon to a throne of grace! Whatever thy state may be, thou

need'st not hold off. Though thy sins be as scarlet, if thou come to Christ, they shall be made "white as wool." The greatest of sinners are invited. Can any sin be so great as to overtop the value of Christ's blood? Oh! there is not so much vileness and wretchedness in the sinful heart of man, as there is grace and goodness and virtue in Christ. There is no disease so bad that he cannot cure. Let me be as bad as I can be, there is no reason out of the Word of God, why I should not come to Christ for salvation. He puts none back. His proclamation is—"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." Whosoever will, let him come. What wouldest thou have more? The invitation cannot be plainer. If then thou art not saved, it is plain, thou hast no will for salvation; for if thou hast a will, thou hast a warrant.

Say not, "I would come, if I had so much humiliation and so much faith," for that were to make a bargain with Christ. If God were to say, "You must love me, and I will pardon you," that were an exchange, not a free gift. Away with such a thought! Whosoever will, let him come. Christ keeps open house. Whosoever comes to him, he will not shut out. If thou hast a heart to come to him, he has a willing heart to receive thee. As it was with the prodigal son, his father does not wait till he comes to him, but he runs to meet him. So God is swift to have mercy upon us, though we come slowly on toward Him. However great the bulk and burden of thy sins, thou need'st not be discouraged. All ye that are heavy laden, and feel the burden of sins, are invited by Christ. Let not Satan, then, cheat thee out of the comfort of this word. If Christ would make thy sins as the latch to open the door, and let himself in, take care that thou dost not make them a bolt to shut him out. Let thy wound be ever so great, thou hast a warrant to come to be cured. When Blind Bartimeus heard the word, "Lo! Jesus calleth thee," he flung

aside his garments, and came to him. So let nothing keep thee back. Haste then to this city of refuge, and thou shall be safe.

But God doth not only give thee leave to come; He commands thee to come. "And this is the commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John iii. 23.) If a man should say, "May I love my neighbor?" would you not think him a fool. He is commanded to do so. So if a soul say to me, "May I trust in Jesus?" I reply, thou art commanded to do so. The same commandment that bids thee love thy brother, bids thee believe in him; and more, it is said, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

As the greatest gift doth not enrich a man unless he accepts it and receives it, so God's gifts of His Son will be no benefit to us, if we will not receive him. God's goodness will but turn to our greater condemnation. If we refuse Christ, and will not be saved, then wrath must abide on us for ever.

But how are we to receive him? By faith—by simple trust in him. Salvation is a free gift to sinners who trust in Jesus. There is no condition for receiving salvation, but an empty hand to receive Christ. But, to be saved, Christ must be ours. If a man would give something to a beggar, the beggar must reach out his hand to receive it.

Faith is the empty hand that fills itself with Christ. If a man were drowning, and a cable were cast to him, and he lay hold of it, he would be drawn safe to shore. But if he lay hold of the cable he must let go all other holds. So a man must let go all other holds, and lay fast hold of Jesus Christ; otherwise he cannot be saved.

### Prayer.

Fill up the void of spaces of your time with meditation and prayer.

They are the safest who are most in their closets, who pray not to be seen of men, but to be heard of God.

Prayer doth not consist in gifted expressions and a volubility of



speech, but in a brokenness of heart. Imperfect broken groans, from a broken heart, God will accept. A hard heart cannot pray; a broken heart is made up of prayer.

It is a comfort to Christians apart to think their prayers meet before a throne of grace, and their persons shall meet before a throne of glory.

There wants nothing but a believing prayer to turn the promise into a performance.

God is the *great* God, and therefore he will be *sought*: he is a *good* God, and therefore he will be *found*.

When God pours out his Spirit upon man, then man will pour out his heart before God.

He that lives without prayer, or prays without life, hath not the Spirit of God.

Prayer doth not consist in the elegance of the phrase, but in the strength of the affection.

Where there is a willing heart, there will be a continual crying to heaven for help.

Pray that you may pray.

Waiting upon God continually, will abate your unnecessary cares and sweeten your necessary ones.

Let nothing get between heaven and prayer, but Christ.

Prayer, if it be done as a task, is no prayer.

Sin quenches prayer, afflictions quicken it.

The same spirit of faith which teaches a man to cry earnestly, teaches him to wait patiently; for as it assures him the mercy is in the Lord's hand, so it assures him it will be given forth in the Lord's time.

The *breath* of prayer comes from the *life* of faith.

Whatever you want, go to God by faith and prayer, in the name of Christ and never think his delays are denials.

They that spend their days in faith and prayer, shall end their days in peace and comfort.—*Mason*.

it cannot sink. Look on that ship, brethren, as the church; the troubled ocean as this world. When a man of impious intentions and high authority proclaims persecution against the church, and as far as is in his power endeavors to extinguish the Christian name, a towering wave rises against the ship of Christ. But let the yard-arm be raised, that, suspended to the mast, it may be a figure of the cross. At this let the Christian look, and not fail, because, as the apostle Peter says, "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." Also the blessed John says: "For as Christ laid down his life for us, so should we also lay down our lives for the brethren." To this yard-arm, that is, to the cross of Christ, let a guileless conversation and a pure confession be bound like white sails; and let these sails of ours be washed in the waves, and let the cordage be strained, that they may be found at last without spot or wrinkle. Let the sea rage ever so fiercely, let the wind bear down between billow and billow—that ship may be tossed, but cannot sink. It speeds on its way.

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For the Sailors' Magazine.

### A Dream and what came of it.

BY E. N. S.

(*Republished by request.*)

I have had a singular dream. I seemed plodding my dark way through a dreary and dense wilderness, amidst rugged hills and deep gorges, and mountain passes—till at length I reached an impassable gulf. Here my misery seemed to culminate; but just as hope was taking its flight, and darkness and despair settling around me, all at once the heavens became lighted up above the brightness of the sun, and the arch of a rainbow spanned the entire gulf, over which, as over a bridge, I passed with perfect ease and safety. I awoke in a very excited, but happy frame of mind. I said to myself, "What a beautiful illustration this

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### The Church Likened to a Ship.

AUGUSTINE.

Because the billows assail, the ship is tossed; but because Christ prays,

rainbow is of FAITH." My cogitations drove away sleep. I rose, went into my study, and threw my thoughts into the following rhymes:

#### WHAT IS FAITH?

Faith is a simple, childlike trust,  
In God, our Father's word.  
It seeks the wisdom of the just,  
In Christ, our risen Lord.

Faith at the cross, delights to scan  
The Book that God has given;  
To guide poor, guilty, wretched man,  
To happiness and heaven.

Faith, like a shield dispels all fear,  
Where it triumphant reigns;  
Soothes every heart, dries every tear,  
Turns rugged hills to plains.

The eye of faith sees in the shroud,  
The resurrection light;  
And spies upon the darkest cloud,  
The bow of promise bright.

To faith—the arch of that bright bow  
Spans every dark abyss  
That lies between this world below,  
And you bright world of bliss.

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For the Sailors' Magazine.

#### Hospital Experience.

No. II.

The ordeal of a hospital in a foreign port is a severe one for the sailor; but in the case of some it proves to be the very discipline they need to bring them to reason and repentance. Some are brought there by casualties and causes for which they are not responsible; but the great majority of patients go there to reap the fruits of folly and sin in their own bodies; and, as witnesses to the truth of Scripture, that "the way of transgressors is hard," many, many go in, never to come out till they are carried to their graves; others, to recover strength only to run again the same career of sin and iniquity, and yet again, until, being often re-proved, and hardening their necks, they are "suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy." But others, arrested by the merciful Providence of God in their downward course, find there just the opportunity they needed to consider their ways and be wise. Cut off from all their ordi-

nary sources of pleasure, shut out from their vicious associates, and indeed from all other society but of those who minister to them, and their companions in sorrow, their thoughts are turned back upon their past life. They remember God, and are troubled. Their sins confront them, and, while they feel the weight of them in their suffering bodies, they begin to feel them in their consciences also; and now, if there be some one to drop a word of friendly counsel, to read a few verses from the Bible, or to lead them in prayer, they willingly listen, the tear often starts in the eye, desires for a better life are awakened and often expressed, and sometimes the resolve of the penitent prodigal son, "I will arise and go to my Father," is formed; and the patient, restored to health both of body and mind, goes out thanking God for the discipline of the hospital, which he has found "none other than the house of God" and the road to heaven.

A few weeks since, I found in one of the eight hundred beds of our Antwerp Hospital, where not only Belgians, but men of all nations and languages are brought in to die or recover, as the case may be—beds I have seen filled and emptied over and over again, O how many times within the past eighteen months—a Scotch-American sailor, past the prime of life, suffering from a severe attack of the pleurisy. He had lived an irregular, roving life for many years; had dug gold in the mines of California, and lost it by gambling; had served as a mariner through the war of the rebellion, and had experienced much hard usage both on land and sea. The hardships and exposures of his last voyage from New York to this port had proved too much for a constitution broken by irregular habits; and his captain had sent him here, and, like too many other captains, never once visiting him again or caring to inquire whether he lived or died. I spoke a few kind words to him—and this is often all that the circumstances will allow—and promised to see him again. On my next visit, the



two men, one on either side of him, in the next beds—men of strange language, to whom I had not spoken, and Catholics withal, to whom I am not allowed to speak—were both dead, and their places had been filled by two other strangers. He seemed touched by this event, and was willing and able to converse now more freely than before. I gave him some tracts to read, and also, at his request, supplied him with a Testament.

On my next visit, I found that the two beds on either side of him had again been emptied by death; and so, out of five, he was left the only one, two having died at his right hand, and two at his left, within these few days. This deeply affected him, as well it might.

The seeds of truth had been sown in his mind when a child, although they had never germinated; but now, in view of his own sins and God's sparing mercy, he seemed to be moved to repentance. He professed himself determined to devote the remnant of his life to the service of God. I encouraged and instructed him as I was able, and I cannot but hope that he may have grace and strength to keep his new-formed resolutions. Meeting him the day after he came out of the hospital, I took him to my room in the Bethel, and there he wept very freely as we conversed and prayed together. He expressed much regret that he could not profess Christ and receive the sacrament before leaving. But as yet we have no church nor church sacraments here; so this was not practicable.

I expected to see him again, and had proposed a temperance pledge for him to sign—for there is no hope of a sailor till he can be induced to give up intoxicating liquor entirely, and I wrote a letter to put into his hands, to read while at sea—but I never met him again; he sailed sooner than we expected. All I can do further is to pray for him, and to ask others who read this to pray for him and for other sailors for whom we can do but little, that that little even may be blessed to the salvation of their souls.

Feb., 1868.

CHAPLAIN.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### Seamen's Retreat—Staten Island.

BY AN INMATE.

Truly this institution is appropriately named. It is here the storm-tossed mariner finds safe anchorage, sheltered for a time at least from the fierce blast. Here he receives kindness and care, in exchange for the hard usage he but too often has to encounter.

But especially is it a "retreat" to the care-worn and weary sailor of the cross. He feels that his captain has appointed this place as a harbor of refuge, where, withdrawn for a time from the care and hardship of a sailor's life, he may enjoy sweet fellowship with those who love the Lord Jesus. I have frequently heard it remarked by poor afflicted seamen, that it was like heaven to come into this institution, and I have even heard a gentleman say that it was the nearest place to heaven on Staten Island. Be that as it may, I have found it a spot truly precious to my soul.

The labors of Mr. Ogle, our beloved chaplain, are being crowned with success. We have also an undaunted missionary of the cross (Capt. Welch) with us, to help us onward in the march to victory.

Jesus is evidently in our midst, melting stony hearts, and constraining men to accept his pardoning mercy and love. Some who had wandered from the fold are now rejoicing in the promise, that "He will heal their backslidings and love them freely." An old man, on the verge of the grave, has been plucked, for a second time, as a brand from the burning. He stated that he had once experienced the blessedness of the religion of Jesus Christ, but had gone back step by step, till he had fallen again into the toils of the evil one, and for thirty long years he had been vainly endeavoring to make himself believe a lie, denying the power of Jesus to save, and his own need of a Saviour. With tears streaming down his cheeks, and a tremulous voice, he told what a miserable man he had been all those long years; he confessed what a vile wretch he was, and, fall-

ing on his knees, cried in an agony of mind to God, to have mercy upon him, for Jesus' sake. Surely our God is plenteous in mercy, for our brother is now happy in the Lord.

Before closing this article, I would, in the name of my brethren of the sea, return my sincere and heartfelt thanks to all those who have done

and are still doing so much for the sailor; and, believe us,

"When we reach the port above,  
When together there we meet,  
Rescued by the hand of love,  
We'll the story oft repeat,  
What your kindness did for us;  
How you reached the helping hand,  
Opened both your heart and purse,  
That in heaven we might land."

A SAILOR.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

# EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT AT THE SAILORS' HOME, HONOLULU, S. I.

BY E. DUNSCOMBE, COLPORTEUR.

1867, Sept. 30th.—Visited the U. S. S. *Tuscarora*, with a basket of Bibles and Testaments in various languages, and volumes of THE FRIEND, for the different messes. Among her crew, distributed 23 Bibles and Testaments, in nine different languages; dropped a few words by the way. There is one on board who, in days past, enjoyed the favor of God, but has strayed into sin again. On reminding him of the need of returning to Christ, he remarked, "I'm case hardened." He is a young officer, and, when on board one of the iron-clads, during the war, exerted a good influence, having carried on prayer-meetings among the crew.

Oct. 4th.—Conversed with a boarder leaving for California; gave him an English Testament, and made up a stock of reading matter to take along. Lately, have come across a Malay; from all I can gather from him, he seemed convinced of his state as a sinner in God's sight; unable to read, I endeavored to point him to the only Saviour.

10th.—Sent 3 English Bibles to Mr. K—, of Kauai, to help in his little Sabbath school.

11th.—Made up reading for ship *Niger*, including 1 Portuguese Bible, 1 English and 1 Portuguese Testament. To a young man, a Dane, belonging to the schooner *San Diego*, gave a Danish Bible; he professes to be on the good way, having started since coming on ship-board.

13th.—After Bethel service, went to the prison, and held a meeting.

16th.—While visiting the Queen's Hospital, came across a poor colored man, a native of Maryland, who is deeply afflicted; for the past three years he has been totally blind, and now suffers much pain from aneurism in the throat. As I conversed with him about his spiritual state, he replied: "I'm doing the best I can." Reminded him of a better way; as a poor helpless, lost, undone sinner, to do nothing, but come as he was to the Saviour; read suitable portions of God's Word, to which he listened attentively, and prayed. Yesterday evening had a prayer-meeting here in the Home. Capt. Tengstrom conducted it. A young man, J. W—, a Swede, who, some two months ago, came across from San Francisco, with consumption, and has been helping around the Home, rose up, and in a few words confessed how he had found Christ here a few weeks ago; it was good to be there.

17th.—Visited William (the above colored man); read a little, and prayed with him; after which he prayed, and his simple, childlike language was in this strain: "Lord, God, you are the man to take away my sins and give me a new heart." He cannot be long for this world, and I trust he will find the Lord is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. An officer and sailor of the French frigate *Vénus* came into the office;



gave one a French Bible, and the other a Testament; also made up English and French reading, mostly tracts, to distribute on board, and another French Testament, for which they were very thankful.

18th.—This morning, another French man-of-war's man called for the Word of God; gave him a Testament and "Pilgrim's Progress," in French. Thus the truth is getting scattered among her crew, who no doubt are mostly all Roman Catholics. A German boy, of the U. S. S. *Lackawanna*, called in for a German Bible, and supplied him.

19th.—A Portuguese sailor came into the office; wished a Portuguese Testament and some reading. He had a Bible, he told me, some months ago, but lost it in the wreck of the bark *Daniel Woods*.

20th.—Visited vessels at the wharves. In the afternoon, went to the Queen's Hospital; spent some time with blind William; he appears to be trusting in the Lord. As I read to him about blind Bartemeus coming to Jesus, the obstructions he met, the answer to prayer, and the willingness of Jesus to save, poor William seemed greatly encouraged, and every now and then a smile overspread his countenance. We prayed together; and, on enquiring about his parents, he said, years ago his father was a class leader in a large Methodist church in Baltimore, and his mother was a good woman. Thus, no doubt, in answer to prayer long recorded, the wandering son finds Jesus, away in these ends of the earth. To several of the crew of the French frigate, who were on shore to-day, distributed 2 Bibles, 6 Testaments, and tracts.

21st.—More men from the French war vessel called into the office this morning, for God's Word; gave 3 Bibles, 1 Testament and numbers of tracts, also "Baxter's Saints' Rest" and "Nelson's Infidelity"; marked suitable verses in the Bibles, to draw their attention to such.

22d.—A colored man who has at times boarded in the Home, and leaves to-day for California, called in before going; he professes to be

on the Lord's side, and, as he was leaving, remarked: "I have cause to thank God for ever bringing me to the Home."

25th.—More men from the French frigate called in for books; supplied them with 4 Bibles and tracts. Visited the Queen's Hospital; spent some time with the colored man; learnt that he had been lately baptized by a Roman Catholic priest; anyhow, he is trusting in the Great High Priest, looking to Jesus. Conversed with a German, who likewise has aneurism in the throat; he has been often spoken to, but looks upon it as highly presumptuous for a sinner to say his sins are forgiven. To a colored man, said a few words, and gave an English Testament.

26th.—Went on board the clipper-ship *Minnehaha*; the men being at dinner, had an opportunity to distribute papers and tracts among them; and, the way being opened, appointed a meeting for to-morrow in the fore-castle; found on board representatives of many different countries, American, English, Irish, French, German, Dutch, Danish, Portuguese, Russian, Swedes and Chinese; most of them wished the Word of God in their own language. This evening, on inviting a sailor to our temperance meeting, he replied: "I would gladly come, but have just come in to-day, got letters from home, and I want to get away to read them; but," he strongly remarked, "that's my belief." Reminded him about the great "belief": "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He replied: "By the life I have led I cannot say I have really believed in Him." On telling him of his need of looking for salvation to Him, he said seriously: "This is the first time I have been spoken to about that for eight years." He is the son of a praying parent, and I trust seed cast out of season will not be in vain.

27th.—This Sabbath morning, Capt. Tengstrom, of the *San Diego*, accompanied me on board the clipper-ship *Minnehaha*, and, according to arrangement yesterday, found the men all ready to join in the meet-

ing. She has a large fore-castle, and, when all were gathered in, every seat was occupied, mustering about twenty-two. Sung a hymn; read part of 3d of St. John; and we both had the privilege of addressing a very attentive little company of seamen, and are encouraged in believing "His Word will not return void." After the meeting, which lasted near an hour, distributed, besides papers and tracts, the following: 1 English, 1 German, 1 Danish and 1 Dutch Bible; also 3 English, 2 German, 1 French and 1 Portuguese Testament, also books and portions of Scripture in Chinese; still more were called for, but did not have them with me. After Bethel service, visited the prison. Aheong, the Christian Chinaman who yesterday came up from Mani, accompanied me; after an English meeting, he addressed his countrymen for some time, seemingly very earnest.

29th.—Made up reading matter, enclosing 1 English Testament, for the English bark *Garstang*; also gave another Testament to a boarder going in bark *William Gifford*.

30th.—At our Wednesday evening meeting, in the vestry, had four Christian brethren from the English sloop of war *Alert*; they spoke and prayed with us.

31st.—Went on board the clipper-ship *Minnehaha*,\* bound down to the Guano Islands, in a day or two; gave in charge to the mate the library marked 889, the property of the American Seamen's Friend Society, having received it from a whaleship in exchange for another. Gave the crew of the *M*— a good stock of reading, including 1 German Bible and 2 English ones, which were asked for last Sabbath. Visited the English war vessel *Alert*; distributed about 15 volumes of *THE FRIEND* in different messes, also a good lot of papers, magazines, tracts, and 7 English Testaments. One sailor to whom I gave a little Testament, came to me with half a dollar for the Society. Judge Jones called into the office, and supplied him with the following

Bibles: 1 Portuguese, 1 Spanish, 1 French and 1 Italian; also gave him tracts in Spanish, for distribution; dropped a few words on "the one thing needful," by the way.

#### Extracts from the Journal of Mr. J. H. Gardiner, Missionary among Seamen.

My missionary work once called me into a sailor boarding-house where the lowest and most degraded of that class of men took up their abode. I had sometimes induced seamen, even in such places, to visit the house of God, and I was not willing to pass this one by. When I entered I found four men playing cards, and two others looking on. After pressing the necessity of personal religion upon them for a few minutes, one of them dropped his cards and listened to me with attention; soon another did the same, and then another. The fourth did not seem to like the proceedings of his associates, and said: "What do you want to listen to that old fool for? come play on; whose play is it?" But his companions declined to continue the game. I then invited them all to go with me, promising to give them some useful and entertaining reading for the long voyage which they expected to commence on the morrow. Only one of them consented to go with me. Upon talking with him, I found that John M— was a young Irishman who had been brought up at home under strict Presbyterian training, but, since he had followed the sea, had, as he said, "tried to make up for lost time by taking his fill of the pleasures of this world." I asked him if his conscience did not sometimes trouble him, when he thought of the good advice which he had received from his parents, his Sabbath school teacher and his pastor. He said: "I used to think of those things, but the thought made me feel bad; so I tried to get rid of it as soon as possible." As I found that he assented to the truths of the Bible, I said to him: "What are you going to do? Do you mean to con-

\* The *Minnehaha* has been wrecked, and the library lost.



tinue in your present course, and spend an eternity away from your father's God, from that dear Saviour who poured out his blood that such as you acknowledge yourself to be might have forgiveness, and happiness in the world to come?" He replied: "What can I do? I start to-morrow morning for San Francisco, in a clipper-ship. I am well acquainted with several who will be my ship-mates during the voyage. If I try to do what is right, they will tease the life out of me." I endeavored to point him to the source from whence his help and strength to persevere in a new course must come; and, after he had signed the pledge of total abstinence, we bowed in prayer. He then promised to bow in prayer at his boarding house before retiring, and also to call and see me in the morning. My first inquiry in the morning was: "Did you keep your promise made last evening?" He said: "I did." In response to my inquiry, "Did your ship-mates trouble you?" he said, "No; but I should not have cared if they did. I now feel that I am a sinner, that I have got something to do. Oh! how I wish that I had begun before. I know how it will be on board of the ship; but I have drank up my two months advance, and so I must go in her." While I was selecting portions of Scripture suitable to his case, he was called for to go on ship-board. I committed him once more to the care of the Good Shepherd in prayer, and we parted. I did not meet with John again for about three years. One Sabbath morning, as I was inviting seamen from the shipping to the house of God, I met my young Irishman. He said: "When I left you and went on board of the ship, I tried to follow the good advice you gave me. My ship-mates soon found out what I was about, and gave me no peace nor comfort, saying that they intended to knock my religion out of me. Although I did not give up altogether, I must confess that I was not so steadfast as I ought to have been. I was under such deep conviction of sin, that it seemed to take away my bodily

strength, so that, when I went aloft, it seemed to me that I should fall on deck or over board, and from there to hell. I left the vessel in San Francisco, and sailed for Boston. On that passage, I humbly trust, I made a full surrender of my heart to Christ; and it was my privilege to cast in my lot with the people of God, in Boston. Since then, I have been trying to serve Him, and I have found Him a good master, and in the keeping of His commandments an exceeding great reward. He has been very gracious to me lately, in placing me among an entirely religious crew, captain, officers and men, all pious. We live like a band of brothers, have worship every day, and prayer-meetings as we have opportunity, in which we all take a part. How different a life I now lead from what I did before I saw you, and how differently I expect, by the grace of God, to end it. May God bless you, brother, and give you many more such fruits of your labors as I humbly trust I am."

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#### A Word of Cheer.

The following is from a letter to District Secretary Hanks. The writer is an earnest and self-denying friend of the Society, and probably should be credited with originating the Society's Library work.

"Our seamen are taking the lead in missionary labors. How much you must have to cheer and encourage you. Eternity alone can disclose the good that has been accomplished through your Society's instrumentality for the too long neglected men of the sea." \* \* \* \*

Yours in Christ, C. A. J.

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#### Death of Rev. J. G. Witted.

Just as we are going to press, the sad intelligence reaches us, that this excellent and useful brother died on the 30th of March, on board the British steamer, *Santiago*, when thirty-six hours out of Callao, and bound for Panama. A full obituary will appear in our next MAGAZINE.

### Sailor's Home 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. Cassidy reports sixty arrivals during the month of March. These have been deposited with him \$5,000, of which \$3,500 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$770 placed in the savings bank. Thirty seamen shipped from the Home in this month without advance.

### Position of the Planets for May.

MERCURY is a morning star rising a little before the Sun till the 15th. It sets about half an hour after the Sun on the 20th; this interval increasing till the end of the month, when it sets 2 hours later, and then is very favorably situated for observation.

VENUS is an evening star throughout this month, setting about 10 h. p. m. at the beginning, and half an hour earlier at the end of the month. On the evening of the 25th, it will be close to the Moon.

MARS is a morning star throughout this month, rising about 3 h. a. m. during the month; therefore is not well situated for observation. It will be near the moon on the 19th.

JUPITER rises at the beginning of the month about 3 h. 45 m. a. m., or an hour before the Sun, and is a morning star; at the end, it rises about 1 h. 40 m. a. m. It is near the Moon on the morning of the 18th.

SATURN rises about 7 h. 50 m. p. m. at the beginning of this month, and an hour earlier at the end. It remains visible throughout the night, setting after sunrise. It is near the moon on the 7th.

B. B.

*N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison St.*

### Total Disasters Reported in March.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 44, of which 27 were wrecked, 8 abandoned, 1 burnt, 2 cut through by ice and sunk, 1 capsized, and 5 are missing. They are classed as follows: 2 steamers, 5 ships, 7 barks, 9 brigs, and 21 schooners, and their total estimated valuation, exclusive of cargoes, is \$1,158,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those marked *w* were wrecked, *b* burnt, *a* abandoned, *si* sunk by the ice, *c* capsized, and *m* missing.

### STEAMERS.

Creole, *w*, from Havana for New York.  
Coquette, *w*, from Philadelphia for New York.

### SHIPS.

New England, *m*, from Savannah for Liverpool.  
Sir John Lawrence, *m*, from N. York for London.  
Viscata, *w*, from San Francisco for Liverpool.  
Rosalia, *w*, from Puget Sound for Hong Kong.  
Columbus, *b*\*, from Liverpool, for Rangoon.

### BARKS.

Carlshaven, *w*, from New York for Bremen.  
Nouvelle Héloïse, *w*, from New Orleans for Liverpool.  
Viking, *a*, from Glasgow for Boston.  
Janet, *w*, from Boston for Buenos Ayres.  
Orona, *w*, from Savannah for Liverpool, N. S.  
A. M. Goodwin, *w*, (at Point Indio).  
Louisiana, *w*, from Bremen for New York.

### BRIGS.

Ariadne, *m*, from Baltimore for Belfast.  
Catharine, *m*, from New York for Liverpool.  
Amanda Guion, *a*, from New York for Saint Pierre, Mart.  
Anna, *m*, from New York for Antwerp.  
J. C. York, *a*, from Sagua for Portland.  
Ella, *w*, from Cienfuegos for Boston.  
W. A. Dresser, *si*, ————  
Matilda, *w*, from St. Barts for New York.  
H. Laurens, *a*, from Georgetown, S. C.

### SCHOONERS.

Geo. T. Thorn, *w*, from N. Orleans for N. York.  
N. E. Clark, *w*, from Charleston for Boston.  
Wm. Paxson, *w*, from Boston for Philadelphia.  
Nequasset, *w*, from New York for Boston.  
Mary M. Snee, *w*, from N. Orleans for N. York.  
Allie May, *a*, from Norfolk for New York.  
Isaac Morse, *a*, from Old Harbor for New York.  
Rose Haskell, *si*, from Elizabethport for Boston.  
S. L. Blunt, *w*, from Noyo River for S. Francisco.  
Maria A. Hopkins, *w*, from Antigua for St. Jago.  
Alice Ridgway, *w*, from Tuckerton for Philadel.  
Jane, *w*, from Trinidad for Boston.  
Chas. Hill, *w*, from Philad. for Cambridge, Mass.  
Gipsey, *w*, from Charleston for New York.  
F. Armstrong, *w*, from James River for N. York.  
Clarissa Ann, *a*, from N. York for St. John, N. B.  
Cotnam, *a*, for New York.  
Gold Miner, *w*, from Boston for Halifax.  
Nettie Currier, *w*, (at Chiltepec, Mexico).  
M. P., *w*, from St. John, N. B., for Boston.  
Gen. Torbert, *c*, from Virginia, for New York.

\*Sailing under the British flag.

### List of Seamen who have Died in the New York Hospital, from January 1 to March 31, 1868.

Christopher Doyle, age 23, born in Ireland, died January 6; William Williams, 34, England, Jan. 7; Thomas H. Clark, 23, Germany, Jan. 9; Joseph Brown, 25, Rhode Island, January 10; James Scott, 35, New York, Jan. 18; John Sinclair, 30, New York, Jan. 25; Charles Flowers, 44, Pennsylvania, Jan. 27; Francis Morrison, 25, Scotland, Jan. 30; David Johnson, 45, New York, Feb. 5; Otto Morris, 29, Sweden, Feb. 7; John Wilson, 40, England, Feb. 9; James Freeman, 35, Connecticut, Feb. 9; Edward Glynn, 32, Scotland, Feb. 13; Thomas Murray, 37, Ireland, Feb. 20; James Disbrow, 25, New York, Feb. 22; James Dorr, 28, Rhode Island, Feb. 22; Robert Taylor, 26, Ireland, Feb. 24; Edward Stanley, 30, Ireland, March 1; Joseph Salathiel, 19, Barbadoes, March 5; Henry Stelyes, 34, Germany,



March 8; Charles Klotzcher, 26, Germany, March 23; Albert May, 45, Sweden, March 23; Hobby Sillock, 38, Connecticut, March 24; William Gibson, 37, Massachusetts, March 28; Daniel Leary, 28, Ireland, March 30; Daniel Donovan, 21, New York, March 31.

D. COLDEN MURRAY, Secretary.

### Notices to Mariners.

#### *Mediterranean—Gulf of Naples—Revolving Light on Carena Point, Capri Island.*

Official information has been received at this office that, from the 10th day of December, 1867, a light would be exhibited from a light-house on Carena Point, Capri Island.

The light is a revolving white light, attaining its greatest brilliancy every two minutes. It is elevated 246 feet above the level of the sea, and in clear weather should be visible from a distance of twenty miles. The illuminating apparatus is dioptric, or by lenses of the first order.

The light-house is 59 feet high, adjoining the keeper's dwelling, and its position is in latitude  $40^{\circ} 32' 8''$  north, longitude  $14^{\circ} 11' 47''$  east of Greenwich. The light is intended as a guide for entering the Gulf of Naples.

#### *Pacific Ocean—Society Islands.—Fixed Light on Point Venus, Tahiti Island.*

Official information has been received at this office that, from the first day of January, 1868, a light would be exhibited from a light-house recently erected on Point Venus, north coast of Tahiti Island.

The light is a fixed white light, and in clear weather should be seen from a distance of fifteen miles. The illuminating apparatus is dioptric, or by lenses of the third order.

The position of the light-house, as given, is in latitude  $17^{\circ} 29' 48''$  S., longitude  $149^{\circ} 29' 21''$  west from Greenwich.

**Directions.**—The Artemese bank lies E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. from Venus point light, distant nine miles. When coming from the south or southeast, on opening the light, a vessel should not steer to the west of north until the light bears W. SW., when she may alter course to west, passing to the northward of all the dangers, and two miles from the reef off Point Venus.

[All bearings are magnetic. Variation  $7^{\circ} 40'$  easterly in 1868.]

#### *England—West Coast—Bristol Channel.—Alterations in Flatholm Light.*

With reference to Notice to Mariners, No. 13, issued from this office on the 24th of Feb., 1868, the Flatholm light has been colored red from between the bearings S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. and SW., embracing the space between the west Cardiff buoy and the Monkstone Beacon, and leaving a fair berth outside them respectively.

#### *Alteration in Usk Light.*

Also, with reference to the same Notice, the light-house at the entrance to the Usk river now exhibits but one light, a white light, from between the bearings N. by W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. and N. NW.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. to mark the channel into the river; from which bearings respectively a red light is shown to the eastward to the bearing W. by S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. and to the southwestward to the bearing N. NE., on which bearing N. NE. it will cut the southwest Patch Buoy. From N. NE. a white light extends to the land, ending in a bearing of NE. by E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. A white strip or streak of white light is visible up the river from between the bearings SW. by W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. and W. by S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S.

[All bearings are magnetic. Variation  $22^{\circ}$  westerly in 1868.]

#### *Channel Islands, Jersey—Destruction of the Beacon on the Grand Anquette.*

Official information has been received at this office, and notice is hereby given, that the stone Beacon on the Grand Anquette rock, lying southeast of the Island of Jersey, has been entirely destroyed and washed away.

#### *West Indies.—Revolving Light on Sombrero Island.*

With reference to Notice to Mariners, No. 82, dated 31st October, 1867, stating that a light-house was then in the course of erection on Sombrero Island, the northernmost of the lesser Antilles, from which a revolving light attaining its greatest brilliancy every minute would be exhibited in January, 1868, notice is hereby given that the light has been exhibited from the first day of January, 1868.

#### *France—North Coast.—Fixed Light at St. Valery, Somme River.*

Official information has been received at this office that, from the 15th day of February, 1868, a light will be exhibited from a lamp-post placed at the extremity of the towing bank in front of Harold's Tower, St. Valery, Somme river.

The light is a fixed red light, elevated 25 feet above the level of the sea, and in clear weather should be seen from a distance of three miles.

The lamp-post is 22 feet high, and its position is in latitude  $50^{\circ} 11\frac{1}{2}'$  N., longitude  $1^{\circ} 37\frac{1}{2}'$  east from Greenwich.

#### *West Coast—Fixed Light, entrance to Aven River.*

Also, that from the first day of March, 1868, a light will be exhibited from a light-house erected at the extremity of the point of Bec-ar-Vechen, on the left of the mouth of the river Aven, coast of Finisterre.

The light is a fixed light appearing white from Isle Verte, on the west to Les Verres rocks, red on an arc exactly covering the plateau of rocks Les Verres and Le Cochon, and green on approaching the coast to the eastward. It is elevated 125 feet above the level of the sea, and in clear weather should be visible from a distance of eight miles.

The light-house is stone, 40 feet high, and its position is in latitude  $47^{\circ} 48'$  N., longitude  $3^{\circ} 44\frac{1}{2}'$  west from Greenwich.

**Directions.**—By keeping the white light in sight, a vessel will keep clear of all dangers.

#### *United States of America—New York Bay.—An alteration in the Light and Fog Signal at the East Beacon, north point of Sandy Hook, entrance to New York Bay.*

Official information is hereby given, that a new light-house has been erected at Sandy Hook, to take the place of the former east beacon.

The new light is on a range with the main light and the old east beacon, and is 853 feet nearer to the north point of the Hook than the old beacon.

The structure consists of a dwelling, painted white, surmounted by a tower, from which, at an elevation of 40 feet above sea level, a fourth-order lense, showing a fixed white light, will be exhibited. This light should be visible at a distance of nine nautical miles.

The new light will be exhibited for the first time on the evening of March 31, 1868.

At the same time, a powerful fog signal, (siren) operated by steam, will take the place of the present fog-bell. A blast of ten seconds' duration will be issued at intervals of forty-five seconds during foggy weather.

*United States of America.—Coast of North Carolina.—Discontinuance until further notice of Horse-Shoe Shoal Light, Cape Fear River, North Carolina.*

Official information is hereby given that the light off the southern end of Horse-Shoe Shoal, Cape Fear River, from which there was shown a fixed white light of the fifth order, has been discontinued until further notice.

BY ORDER:

W. B. SHUBRICK,

Chairman.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
Office Light-house Board,  
Washington, D. C., March 28, 1868.

### Receipts for March, 1868.

#### MAINE.

Bucksport, Cong. ch. .... \$26 60  
Waldoboro, S. B. Lovell. .... 5 00

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Francestown, Cong. ch. .... 35 64

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

Athol, Cong. ch. .... 20 60  
Bapt. ch. .... 11 55  
Beckett, Cong. ch. .... 10 00  
Belchertown, Mrs. Roxanna Phelps,  
const. herself L. M. .... 41 00  
Bradford, S. S., for library. .... 15 00  
Chicopee, 1st ch. .... 14 00  
2d ch. .... 38 16  
3d ch. .... 24 38  
Florence, Cong. ch. .... 100 00  
Granby, Mrs. H. Montague's, S. S. class,  
for library. .... 15 00  
Great Barrington, Gilbert Munson .... 1 00  
Haverhill, North Ch. S. S., for library. .... 10 00  
Mittineague, Cong. ch. .... 13 08  
Milford, S. S., for library. .... 21 21  
Monson, Cong. ch., of which \$30 for lib. .... 52 68  
North Wrentham, Cong. ch. .... 20 20  
Orange, Cong. ch., \$15 for library. .... 47 80  
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. ch., of which Walter  
Tracy \$20 for library. .... 94 00  
Raynham, Cong. ch., of which \$15 for  
library. .... 26 73  
South Egremont, Cong. ch. .... 9 00  
South Hadley Falls, 1st church, const.  
Frank Carew and Henry N. Taylor  
L. M.'s .... 64 00  
South Wilbraham. .... 23 93  
Springfield, L. Warraner, for library. .... 15 00  
Olivett ch. .... 24 35  
North ch., const. Rev. Austin Gar-  
dener and Dr. C. L. Hurburt L. M.'s  
Stockbridge, Spencer Byington, in part  
to const. himself (with prev. don.)  
L. D. .... 50 00  
Cong. ch. .... 55 00  
West Springfield, Samuel Smith, const.  
himself L. M. .... 41 50

#### RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Richmond St. Cong. ch. .... 21 44

#### CONNECTICUT.

Collinsville, S. W. Collins .... 1 00  
Deep River, Cong. ch. .... 7 25  
Greenwich, 2d Cong. ch., additional. .... 5 00  
Groton, Cong. ch. S. S., for library. .... 15 00  
Kensington, F. A. Robbins. .... 10 00  
Lyme, Cong. ch. S. S., for library. .... 10 00  
Mianus, Dea. S. K. Ferris, const. Capt.  
John L. Lockwood L. M. .... 21 00  
Stratford, General G. Loomis, U. S. A. .... 2 00  
Wallingford, Cong. ch. .... 27 90  
Watertown, Cong. ch., of which \$20 for  
library. .... 45 31  
West Killingly, Lucy Bacon. .... 75

#### NEW YORK.

Bergen, Stone ch. Cong. Soc'y, for libr. .... 15 00  
Mrs. Ann Waterbury and McKenzie  
Phipps, for library. .... 15 00  
Cong. ch. S. S., for library. .... 10 00  
Brooklyn, Lafayette Av. Pres. ch., of  
which T. M. Spelman, \$50, const.  
self L. M.; W. W. Wickes, \$30; L.  
T. Merrill, \$20; J. B. Lowe, \$15; H.  
A. Jones, J. Davol, each \$10; N.  
Thayer, C. B. Hubbel and R. H.  
Seymour, each \$5. .... 373 49  
East Ref. ch. S. S., class "No. 13". .... 12 00  
Middle Ref. ch., of which Wm. H. Irwin,  
Geo. W. Blanke, ea. \$15, for library. .... 146 62  
City Park chapel, for library. .... 15 00  
Cohoos Falls, Pres. ch. .... 18 00  
Ref. ch. S. S. .... 15 00  
Bapt. ch. .... 7 70  
Coxsackie, Ref. ch. .... 31 78  
Hopewell, Ref. ch. S. S., for library. .... 17 00  
Hoosick Falls, Pres. ch. .... 35 81  
Pres. ch. S. S. .... 15 00  
New York City, John Taylor Johnston.  
Mrs. Eliza M. Nichols and Samuel  
Marsh, Jr., L. M.'s. .... 60 00  
A Friend, of which \$15 for library. .... 40 00  
C. H. Dabney. .... 25 00  
Mrs. G. M. Wilkins. .... 25 00  
Stacy B. Collins. .... 25 00  
R. R. Graves. .... 20 00  
C. D. Van Wagenen. .... 15 00  
John A. Yale, for library. .... 15 00  
John H. Weber, for library. .... 15 00  
Covenant Mission school, for library. .... 15 00  
Walter T. Miller. .... 10 00  
Edgar Ketchum. .... 5 00  
C. H. L. .... 5 00  
L. P. S. .... 5 00  
R. M. .... 5 00  
Cephas Brainerd. .... 5 00  
Capt. W. C. Morrill. .... 5 00  
Capt. Wm. McDougal. .... 5 00  
Capt. B. F. Chase, bark *Wayfarer*. .... 5 00  
Capt. C. P. Blanchard, schr. *Sylvan*. .... 3 00  
Capt. John Morton, \$3, and Christo-  
pher, mate, \$2, of bark *Tweed*. .... 5 00  
Capt. H. D. Chapman, bark *Cavour*. .... 1 50  
Peekskill, Pres. ch. S. S. .... 20 00  
Saugerties, J. B. Sheffield, for library. .... 60 00  
Frances Pidgeon, for library. .... 15 00  
Mrs. J. G. Mynderse, for library. .... 15 00  
Ref. ch. (addit'l), of which, to const.  
Mrs. E. A. Lockwood (Falsburg,  
Sullivan Co.) L. M., \$30; Mrs. M.  
A. Kierstead and Wm. F. Gaston,  
each \$15, for library. .... 68 61  
Tarrytown, Mr. Geo. Ellis, for library. .... 15 00

#### NEW JERSEY.

Jersey City, Wayne St. Ref. ch., of  
which, for library, \$15 from Wm. B.  
Hayward, \$45 from Wm. P. Powers. .... 153 78  
Madison, 1st Pres. ch. S. S., for library. .... 24 29  
Montclair, Pres. ch., of which Samuel  
Holmes and J. C. Doremus, each  
\$15; J. B. Beadle, \$30, for library. .... 137 70  
Mrs. Nasons' class, for library. .... 15 00  
Morristown, 1st Pres. church, of which  
choir, \$15 for library. .... 30 40  
Orange, Missionary Soc., 2d Pres. ch. .... 60 00

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

Allentown, Theresa Weaver, for lib'y. .... 12 00  
New Providence, Pres. ch. .... 51 54  
Philadelphia, Miss Jane H. Faries. .... 2 00

#### DELAWARE.

Wilmington, Mrs. S. F. Dupont, lib'y. .... 30 00  
Mrs. M. S. Boyd. .... 5 00

#### MARYLAND.

Baltimore, 2d Pres. ch., of which const.  
Mrs. Martha Gourley L. M. .... 50 00

\$3,065 88





May.]

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society.

[1868.

### The old Light House Keeper.

An old lighthouse-keeper had an only son, who died, and almost broke the old man's heart. Jemmy—that was his name—was a good boy. He was a little believer; that is, he believed what the Lord Jesus said; and when he read in his Bible, "My son, give me thy heart," he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus; and he tried to behave every day like a child of God. You often heard him singing about the house,

"Oh, happy day, oh, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away."

As you may suppose, he was very lovely and loveable. Jemmy's mother loved God too. But his father sometimes swore; and though he loved Jemmy, he did not love God or try to please him. This troubled the child; and I do not doubt he asked God a great many, many times to bless his father and make him good.

When Jemmy was eight years old, he caught a bad cold and fell sick, very sick. The doctor tried hard to cure him, but he could not succeed, and all saw he must die. Jemmy knew so too; and he was not afraid to die, because Jesus was his Saviour, and would take him on the other

side; and he knew his mother would come to heaven.

But his poor father, would he love God and come to heaven too? Oh, he must not go to the wicked place. So he called his dear father to his bedside one day, and, "Father" he said, "will you promise to meet me in heaven?" The old sailor burst out a crying. Oh, he could not part from his dear little son. "Dear father, will you promise to meet me in heaven?" cried Jemmy, clinging hold of his hand. "Will you, father? promise me, only promise me." "Yes, Jemmy, yes," cried the poor father, almost choked with tears; "by the help of God, I will meet you."

"He will help you, father," said the dying child. Well, Jemmy died and was buried; and, as you may suppose, the poor keeper did not forget his promise. He thought so much of it, and the way to get to heaven seemed so dark, that it made him sick. The doctor could not seem to help him, and so he sent for the minister; and he told the minister how his promise to his little boy lay sore on his conscience, and he asked that great and all-important question, "What shall I do to be

saved?" It was the first time he ever asked it; for his sins now began to look so great that he did not think he ever could get in at all.

But the minister told him about the door. "I am the door," says the Lord Jesus. "Knock, and it shall be opened to you." So the poor man began to knock; he fell on his knees and prayed; and he never left off praying until Jesus let him into his presence, and he saw that Jesus was his Saviour and his sins were forgiven.

And the old sailor knew then that he was starting on the road to heaven. It was just as if a new and beautiful light had burst on him. It was new and beautiful, for it was a light from heaven, and he never saw such light before. So he steered by it, and reached at last the haven of eternal rest.

How often Jesus sets a child in the midst of us to bless us; and blessed are they indeed when "a little child shall lead them."—*Child's Paper*.

#### God's Word Hid in the Heart.

There was once a little boy who went to Sunday-school regularly, and learned all his lessons well, so that he had a great many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance boy. This boy was on a steamboat making a journey. One day as he sat alone on deck looking down into the water, two ungodly gentlemen agreed that one of them should go and try to persuade him to drink. So the wicked man drew near to the boy, and in a very pleasant voice and manner invited him to go and drink a glass of liquor with him. "I thank you, sir," said he. "but I never drink liquor."

"Never mind, my lad, it will not hurt you; come and drink with me."

"Wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," was the boy's ready answer.

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm, and will make you feel pleasantly."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," said

the boy. "I feel safer, and I think it wiser not to play with adders."

"My fine little fellow," said the crafty man, putting on his most flattering air, "I like you; you are no child; you are fit to be a companion of gentlemen. It will give me great pleasure if you will come and drink a glass of the best wine with me."

The lad looked him steadily in the eyes and said, "My Bible says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'" That was a stunning blow to the tempter, and he gave up his wicked attempt and went back to his companion.

"How did you succeed?" said he. "O, the fact is," he replied, "that little fellow is so full of the Bible you can't do anything with him."

And every boy's mind, and every girl's mind, should be so full of the Bible, that wicked tempters cannot do anything with them.

Now there is one Bible verse which shows that this is just the right use to make of the Bible.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

Children, hide just as much of God's precious word in your hearts as ever you can.

#### The Little Lamps.

I know two or three boys and girls who have I hope, repented of their sins, and given their hearts to God; and I want them to remember now that they are like little lamps, that hold the precious light of God's grace.

In ancient times, lamps, with oil in them, were lighted and placed on candlesticks. Some of these lamps were very costly and beautiful, and rested upon tall, golden candlesticks ornamented with precious stones; others were small and plain, and placed on coarse, cheap candlesticks: but all were for the same purpose—to give light to those around them.

Now, every child who has grace in his heart is a little lamp. He may be a very plain and humble one, and his situation in life may be very plain and humble too; but he is to give light to those around him—not by talking and preaching, not by reprov-



ing others, but simply by acting right. He is to show by his own conduct that he has light in him; he must be humble, for he is simply the plain little lamp; but he has the grace of God in his heart, and he is to "let his light shine," that "others, seeing his good works, may glorify not him, but God."—*Children's Friend*.

### Library Reports.

During the month of March there were sent to sea from the Rooms of the Society, (80 Wall-street,) thirty-three new, and twenty-two old libraries; total, fifty-nine.

The following have been returned with thanks, refitted and reshipped, viz: Nos. 416, 424, 763, 1,004, 1,039, 1,119, 1,664, 1,741, 1,949, 1,954, 2,154, 2,178, 2,224, 2,234, 2,286, 2,332.

We daily receive, not only the thanks of officers and crews, for libraries furnished them, but the assurance also, that the books are carefully and eagerly read, and are doing much good. Many are led by them to embrace the truths of Christianity, and many to the knowledge and love of the Saviour.

No. 969.—Captain— writes, "the books have been read with interest by several different crews; many seemingly improved." Sent to sea again on Brig *Caprera*.

No. 1,831.—Been a voyage to China; gone to sea again on Brig *Maurice*, for Cardenas.

No. 2,207.—Been to San Francisco and back, "books read and highly appreciated." Gone to sea on the *O. Montgomery*, for Barracoa.

No. 1,633.—Been several voyages to South America. "Books have been read by several crews, a number of whom were visibly improved." Sent to sea again on schooner, *Ridge-wood*, for Apalachicola.

No. 2,188.—Returned from a voyage to San Francisco, in good order. Re-shipped on bark, *E. White*, for Cuba.

No. 1,040.—Returned, after several voyages to South America. "Books been read and were the means of doing good." Refitted and sent to sea on the *M. E. Sampson*, for New Orleans.

No. 2,207.—"The books furnished me by your Society, have been read by myself and crew with much interest, and I trust, profit.

I consider the character of the books eminently calculated to elevate the moral and spiritual condition of seamen.

Yours with much respect,  
RICHARD M. D. NUGENT,  
*Master Ship Lookout.*"

No. 219.—Captain D. C. Matthews of the brig, *Sally Brown*, found this library on the coast of Greenland, where it had been saved from a bark, that with four other vessels had foundered in the ice. About a third of the books were gone, but as it was, the library proved so useful to his crew, that Captain M. was led to apply for one. His request was granted.

No. 2,290.—Was on the schooner, *Loyal Scranton*, which, with her captain, was lost on the Florida coast, the last of March. Nine of the crew were saved from a raft, on which they floated for thirty hours, their only subsistence being a case of preserved peaches which floated within their reach from the wreck.

### A Touching Reply.

In a Christian family, near Amoy, China, a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply: "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear one was ere long baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother and three sons—are all members of the Mission Church at Amoy.—*Miss. Inst.*

### Who Killed Tom Roper ?

"Who killed Tom Roper?"  
 "Not I," said new Cider:  
 "I couldn't kill a spider:  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper."  
 "Not I," said strong Ale:  
 "I make men tough and hale:  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper."  
 "Not I," said Lager Beer:  
 "I don't intoxicate. D'ye hear?  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper."  
 "Not I," said Bourbon Whisky:  
 "I make sick folks spry and frisky;  
 The doctors says so: don't they know  
 What quickens blood that runs too slow?  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper."  
 "Not I," said sparkling old Champagne:  
 "No poor man e'er by me was slain:  
 I cheer the rich in lordly halls,  
 And scorn the place where the drunkard falls:  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper."  
 "Not we," said various other wines:  
 "What! juice of grapes, product of vines,  
 Kill a man! The Bible tells  
 That wine all other drink excels:  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper."  
 "Not I," said Holland Gin:  
 "To charge such a crime to me is sin:  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper."  
 "Nor I," spoke up the Brandy strong:  
 "He grew too poor to buy me long:  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper."  
 "Not I," said Medford Rum:  
 "He was almost gone before I come:  
 I didn't kill Tom Roper."  
 "Ha, ha!" laughed old Prince Alcohol:  
 "Each struck the blow that made him fall;  
 And all that helped to make him toper  
 My agents were to kill Tom Roper."

*Youth's Temp. Banner.*

### Be Cheerful.

"We cannot catch flies with vinegar," says an old Spanish proverb. No more can we win love by frowns, nor add many gems to the Saviour's crown by sharp words or gloomy looks. "The heart leaps kindly back to kindness, and is a sort of mercury in the human barometer, rising or sinking at the slightest change in the social atmosphere. How easily will even a smile lift the dark clouds of real grief; while the cold look or unkind word falls upon the spirits like a leaden weight.

"Oh, I do so love to visit at my uncle Alden's!" said a little girl of seven summers: "they *pleasant* me so down there!" Then we knew the secret

of the success and the happy home of that New-England pastor way down among the salt marshes and bleak east winds of the Atlantic coast. He had learned to "scatter smiles" with the "good seed"—the bright sunshine which insured the crop.

Said Haydn, the great musician, "Since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me if I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

And an earnest Christian writer happily expressed it when he said, "The good soldier of Jesus Christ must possess a lightness and brightness of heart, an unfailing elasticity of spirits, if he is to break his way to the heavenly country through the serried ranks of his spiritual foes."

And the poet has aptly sung—

"'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart  
 Wherever our fortunes call,  
 With a friendly glance and an open hand,  
 And a gentle word for all:  
 Since life is a thorny and difficult path,  
 Where toil is the portion of man,  
 We all should endeavor, while passing along,  
 To make it as smooth as we can."

*Christian Banner.*

### The True Compass.

"Well, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city. I tell you 'tis a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on," said a man to his neighbor's son.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket; "but, you see, I've got a safe compass to steer by."

"Stick to it! stick to it!" cried the man, "and the devil may blow hot or blow cold, he can't hurt so much as a hair of your head."

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

REV. HARMON LOOMIS, D.D., } *Cor Sec's.*  
 REV. S. H. HALL, D.D., }  
 MR. L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
 OFFICES, 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.  
 AND }  
 ADDRESS, 13 CORNHILL, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANES.

### Terms of the Life Boat.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. Any Sabbath School, or individual who will send us \$15 for a Loan Library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.